

Copy

Roxbury, Dec. 14, 1867.

My dear Friend:

A few days ago, as I was leaving home for New York by the way of Providence, I received a line from Mr. Coffin, in regard to preparing a suitable obituary of your beloved and lamented wife, for insertion in the Newburyport Herald. I regretted that I had not then time to carry out the suggestion, which was so much in accordance with my own feelings; and it is now too late to attempt anything of the kind for the public eye. I was both sorry and disappointed that neither of the ministers, upon whom devolved the funeral services,

made any reference to the deceased, either as a mother or wife. I felt there was much due to her memory in both those relations, which she sustained in so excellent a manner; and I would gladly have borne my testimony on the occasion, if any intimation had been made to me that it would be acceptable from my lips.

In the bereavement which you ~~and~~ your children have suffered, I shall always largely participate. Born under the same roof with Harriet, growing up with her from childhood, and for many years an inmate of her parents' family, she was almost like an own sister to me, and always

d, treated me very much like a
younger brother. Although
later in life we have seen
comparatively little of each
other, I am sure our early
attachment never suffered
any abatement. All my
recollections of her are of the
pleasanteest kind. She was
a darling child, jubilant
as a singing bird; a
beautiful girl, with sunshine
in her heart and upon her
face; a handsomely developed
woman, with all wifely
qualities and a strong motherly
nature. I remember her, in
my boyhood days, as a
quickenning spirit in every
circle. She had great
magnetic power over those
with whom she came in
contact; so that, in truth,

"None knew her but to love her,
None named her but to praise."

She had a ready wit, without any satirical bitterness; a large fund of mirthfulness, without any tendency to frivolity. Her friendship was marked by unshaken adhesiveness, and by rare generosity. Few have lived on earth more devoid of selfishness, or more ready to do for others, with a noble self abnegation. The buoyancy and goodness of her disposition were alike remarkable; and in her zeal to serve others, she was apt to forget the limitations of physical endurance, to her own injury. Such self-sacrificing natures are too rare in the world. But why should I attempt to portray her character to you,

or to your children ?

What she was as a wife,
You can testify from a
full heart. What she was
as a mother, they can never
forget, and will ever remember
with filial love and gratitude.
There is a large vacancy in
your household; an empty
chair at the family table;
an absent one from the
fireside circle. The silver
cord is loosed and the
golden bowl broken. The
eye that shone with such
brightness is dimmed; the voice
that had such musical cadences
is hushed; the face that was ever
so smiling in joy, and so sym-
pathetic in sorrow, has been
changed; and the form
that enshrined so much
intelligence, affection and love

laid away forever in the tomb.

What then? That which is mortal must return to the dust, and the spirit to God who gave it. Beyond a peradventure Harriet is still living; for, as it respects our spiritual destiny —

"There is no death; what seems so is transition." It is only an exchange of spheres, from a lower to a higher plane. In due season we shall follow her; let us hope and believe, to have a blissful reunion, beyond all language to depict.

Be cheered by this conviction, my dear friend; accept this inadequate tribute; give my sympathetic regards to your sorrowing Children, and to Mr. French; and believe me,

Ever truly yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Jacob Horton, Esq.